PS 3531
.A26 C3

1901

CUPID IN GRANDMA'S GARDEN

A

Story-Poem

BY

MRS. DAVID O. PAIGE

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS KATHARINE SHEARER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE

Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London NEW YORK Montreal

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
AUG. 1 1901
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Aug. 1, 1901
CLASS a XXc. No.
14110
COPY B.

PS3531
.A26C3
1901

Copyright, 1901,
by
THE
Abbey Press

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

MRS. DAVID O. PAIGE (Maud Reid Paige), author of "Cupid in Grandma's Garden," was born in Indianapolis, where she was educated, supplementing her course by special kindergarten training. Soon thereafter she introduced kindergarten instruction in Detroit and for some years acted as superintendent of the Detroit Kindergarten Normal Training School, beginning her literary career by writing stories for the little people, editing "The Messenger," and writing for "Kindergarten Work."*

Some five years ago she was married to Mr. David O. Paige—a prominent and wealthy business man of Detroit—since which time Mrs. Paige has devoted the most of her time to literary and philanthropic works.

Among the published contributions of her pen—prose, poems and songs—are: "A Bit of Life," "St. Valentine's Message," "Dear Hands," "Zero in Command," "The Runaway," "Nature's Children," "Snow Fairies," "Little Temples," and others.

THE PUBLISHERS.

* Miss Maud Reid, known in educational work.

CUPID IN GRANDMA'S GARDEN

Out in GRANDMA'S GARDEN, dear,
CUPID walked one day;
No one knew his errand, dear,
So the FLOWERS say.

But the *Lily* told it, dear,
To the *Rose*—I've heard
All about this discord, dear,
And how it all occurred.

Johnny-Jump-Up loved *Sweet Pea*,
Pretty, winsome maid;
Such a wooer—*Johnny*—bold,
She was half afraid.

Marigold so coyly smiled
As *Sweet William* passed,
Every *Fern*, you know, felt sure
She had won at last.

Miss Primrose had waited long,
(It was just a whisper);
Bachelor Button, sly and staid
Had really tried to kiss her

All went well until he spied
Pansy, sweet and fair;
He straightway fell in love and left
Miss Primrose in despair.

No great harm was done, until,
(So the neighbors said),
Came a dashing *Cockscomb* gay
And turned the lassies' heads;

L. of C.

Even sweet *Forget-Me-Not*,
I'm sorry to confess,
Listened to this jolly boy
And softly answered "Yes."

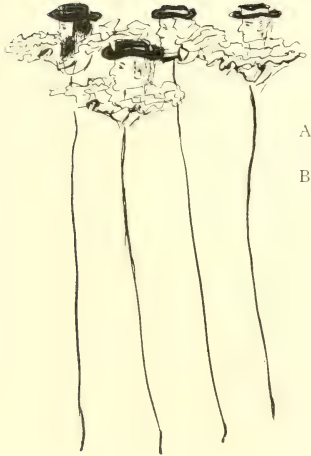
Fickle *Cockscomb*, pert and proud,
In his careless way,
Flirted with *Miss Touch-Me-Not*,
But this did not pay.

She had shunned them all, you see;
Cockscomb could not win;
Scornful, saucy *Touch-Me-Not*
Smiled—and jilted him.

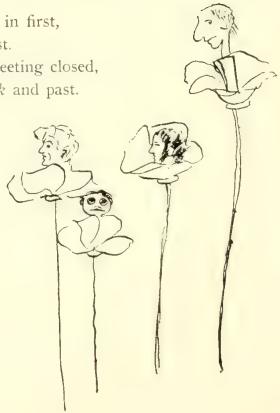
Modest, wee *Forget-Me-Not,*
Gentle, kind and true,
Tried to hide her *Bleeding Heart,*
But everybody knew.

Cockscomb did not seem to care,
He boasted far and wide,
"Who could the *Lady's Slipper* wear
Should surely be his bride."

It was time, the Garden felt,
Something should be done;
Trumpet Flower a meeting called,
Inviting every one.



Angry *Poppies* came in first,
Elders followed last.
Before the Garden Meeting closed,
'Twas *Four O'clock* and past.



Wild Rose climbed the fence and heard
Jack-in-Pulpit speak:
"Dancing, flirting, all should stop,
And better things must seek.

Flower Children must be taught
Not to go astray."
So the *Golden Rod* is kept,
And Cupid stays away.

X79

WERT
BOOKBINDING
Greenville, S.C.
Sept—Oct 1985

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 348 629 9